The Republican **Ticket**

Is running on the only genuine. straight-from-theshoulder platform in this campaign. No deception, no fraud.

STARTLING AND SENSATIONAL ELECTION CHARGES Will Not Elect Anybody to Office as Long as Intelligent People Exercise Their Suffrage

The Republicans believe that the people of this city are well enough acquainted with existing conditions without the facts being used to discredit the city and her people. The Republican candidates make DEFINITE statements as to what their policy will be if they are elected. No subterfuge is resorted to.

THE ENFORCEMENT OF ALL LAWS, A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, EIGHT HOURS WORK EACH DAY AND JUSTICE TO ALL, WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, ARE THE SALJENT FEATURES OF THE PLATFORM UPON WHICH THESE SIX RESPECTED CITIZENS ARE ASKING YOUR SUPPORT AT THE POLLS ON APRIL 7...

Vote for Louderback, Bernbock, Kern, Schofield, Latimer and Hisey

They're Men You Know-They're Honest Men-They're Competent Men

There's a Lot of Difference Between Telling What the Conditions Have Been and What They Will Be =

The Republican Party

Stands behind its candidates. The republicans do not pose as disciples of Christ but they do stand for a clean town, and honesty in the administration of municipal affairs.



E E LOUDERBACK For Mayor. Pracylindy knows him. He has been incui manager of the Postal Tele-

E. M. LATIMER

Has lived in Tulsa ten years. Was a hardware merchant for many years at Waco, Texas. Now in the oil and real estate business here. He served one term as county judge in McClellan rounty, Texas, and served as sheriff of that county under a democratic administration. He has never before been a candidate for office in Oklahoma.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

-A Few Personal Words

C. W. KERN

Mr. Kern came to Tulsa in 1894. He served on the city school board, and also as a councilman here, without salary. He built the first two oil rigs in Creek county and was superintendent of the construction work on the Sapulpa brick plant and the Tulsa Vitrified brick plant. He has built many homes in this city. He believes in a thorough business administration.

R. F. SCHOFIELD For Commissioner No. 3

One of the most extensive property holders in Tulsa. Has resided here eight years. For a number of years he edited the Edna, Mo., Sentinel, one of the leading Republican papers of North Missouri, and also served as postmaster of his home town. He has been active in the improvement of Tulsa,

J. W. HISEY

Mr. Hisey also has resided in Tulsa eight years and has played an important part in the city's development. He was a farmer in Missouri, and after coming to Tulsa he entered the grocery business. He is widely known and his friends are legion. There is no question about his business ability.



For Auditor,
"Bernie" is puring relier at the
First National Dank. One of the most popular and competent young

MICAH'S BREAK-AWAY

661) ENTERED by a naggin' woman," muttered Micah. That's sartainly me - ne

shour that The refunded the paper so as to bring under his eyes another column of the activity on domestic unhappiness

THE NAGRENO WOMAN.

The Cause of Many Men's Unhappiness and Future in Life.

If You Are a Victim o. One She Will Proble You Unless You Break Away?

in front of the porch where Micah and the water of the cove rippled in the mountide smulght, but he was too full of his own despondency to enjoy the hims of the sea or the brightness of the summer day. The timible was that for several days he had met had lack in his fishing. That very morning he had put off in the dary before daybreak, returned to nursest barely in time to sell his hours of heavy work was a solltary small change.

This piece jest describes Phoebe, continued, and read softly aloud The nagging woman usually is an immaculate housekeeper. She has a passion for porting a man's things in order and for scolding about the slightest thing left out of place. That's Plumbe. What did she do last night when I led my boots on

clutched the paper and shook exactly say nothin' th' way th' pacprinted about? She don't need to folks war poorer'n our n, when we say nothin'. Phoebe don't. She's allos pickin up after me." he concluded aggrievedly.

A call from the kitchen told him

that his dinner was ready. As Phoche sat opposite him at the table, he mentally compared her with the type illustrated in the newspaper article. Phoebe was short and inclined to Her hair was brown, now becoming tinged with gray, and a stranger who looked at the good-natured expression on her broad face would have said that if she possessed the "nagging" habit, one could dis-cern surprisingly little trace of it. She certainly bore no resemblance to the skinny-throated, wolf-faced virago whom the newspaper artist had pictured.

'Not much luck today?" inquired Phoebe, as she poured him a great cup of tea. She had read his ill success in his face.
"Dellar'n forty for turned. "Jest polao No luck at all. An' thar waren't a thing in th'

lobster-peta. "The cove's fished out, I guess," she commented with a sigh.

"Prape it is an' p'rape it ain't," snapped in reply. "If th' bottom o' th' Cove wuz crawlin' with lob-sters, they wouldn't be none in my twos. It's my luck!"

Years ago, when they wuz plenty 'em, ye got your share," she re-nded him. 'Years ago! Yes, when lobsters waren't wurth nothin'. But now, when I'm sixty-four years old, an'

need every fish an' every cent, no-thin' comes my way! Nothin'! Why eth't I done ez well ez other fellers thet wiz roung when I wuz? Thar's Pen illadgatt — owns vessels an' wharves an' mortgages, an' mebbe

gin' women jaw that this piece is stocks an' bonds fur all I know! His waz boys."

"Ben Bladgett's made his money cheatin' every one that's run afoul on him. You know that, Micah! We can't envy him money he's made in

"Who says I envy him? What I want ter know is: why ain't I done ez well? What's kep' me from mak-in' money an' gettin' rich same ez

you have, Micah!" "Don't you argy with me, Phoebe!
An don't you mag me! Don't ye do
it! I've jest found out what's the
matter with me! They's an inflocence in my life that's destroyed my ambition an'-an'-" Micah's mem-ory fulled him as he started this quotation from the newspaper article on

domestic unhappiness.
'I ain't goin' ter stand it much longer!" he niumbled darkly, by way finishing his sentence.

Phoebe looked at him in placid

"Ye sin't got that misery in yer stummick ag'in, hev ye. Micah?" she asked anxiously.

Micah shook his head, and sul-

lenly left the table. Upstairs he went to his room and lay down on the bad. Below, the cheerful rattle of dishes, as Phoebe began to wash them, only served to tritate him for a few minutes, but it was not long before he dropped into his usual afternoon nap.
When he awoke, the afternoon was half gone, and the house was quet. noebe, as was her custom, was obably sewing in her rocking-chair

by the kitchen window. The awakening found Micah's spirits still depressed. If he had been rich man he would have sought a octor and been told that he was man with friends about him they would have said he was the victim of a "grouch," and railled him out

work, or of business, or the ties of familia. Whatever it to that the mind in such a state store upon. there is the . Di-sometimes overwholming dance to brook away, and to righ out and far off, for once care-free. In a man of Micable age. such a spell may be the final fileker of an active youth long since spent. or, perhaps, a brief return of some old nomadic instinct of centuries ago.

But Micah blamed his wife. Hat Micah blamed his wife. For a time he lay staring at the ctacks in the ceiling mattering now and then to himself. Two been a failure, and I also gold ter stand it no longer. House away, the paper said, for she'll break you," I'm ter break away! Goin' ter

He sat up and pulled on his boots. Then, softly, he made up a bundle of clean clothes. Concealed under a loose board in the bottom of the closet was a small roll of bills. This he carefully divided shoving half the money into his pocket and leaving the remainder for Phoebe. Still softly, he stole down the front stairs and out through the seldom-used front

"Sho!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Here I be sneakin' off ez if I wun ter blame, an' assamed on't. I'm jest goin' ter step back fur a min-ute an' tell Phoebe that I'm goin'. even if it does make words. Break away, don't jest mean 'sneak away,'

guess." But Phoebe, whom he had supposed to be busy in the kitchen, was not there. Nor was she in the living-room, nor in the shed. The whole lower part of the house was without

an occupant.

Micah considered.

"Gone berryin" But there was no sign of his wife along the road to the west, where scattered blackherry bushes bore their dusky fruit. Then, as he stood puzzled, the fish-erman, for the first time in his unusual preoccupation, noticed the sky.
"Sho!" he exclaimed again. "Lucky
I didn't put off fur town a few minutes ago. So tied up in my mind I wunn't watchin the weather, and I'd have got ketched sure. That's a mighty heavy thunder-squail comit

He stood and watched it for a moment. From the west, a thick gray and black bank was rapidly spread-ing darkness across the sky. Below, the horizon was of a solid slatecolor, grim and threatening.
"Wind" commented Micah, "Wind, and rain, too! Glad I'm ashore.

Now, where in tarnation is Phoeba? He called again, but there was no enawer. "Ye don't s'pose," he quet-tioned sloud, "that she minded what I said this noon more's I thought, and hez gone off herself? Jost like

Phoebe ter git ahead o' me!" he

suffering from a mild touch of mel- added as if injured, and then "She shawled figure in the bow was makancholia. If he had been a young didn't need ter, I was willin' ter ing little headway against the comhave her the house an' garden, an' bination of wind and tide.

ber best's gone, sure enough!" Phoche's own boat, which usually bobbed at the end of a riding-line can't hear mel" from the shore, was missing: It was the sort that comes over hearly a green painted light shift which the breath the shout had taken. The toward the Point Mich and bought her the years bethey are, a bitter resentment against . A ignit as row abs of the heavy dorice, larger. the bounds of his particular corner in of hele years the exertion had lived "I got fer?" There was a pain enough to cross the harber in dur- channatism had bothered him the was nothing else. to haudle.

> Migh. "Gone off an' left me! Wal, If that win't jest like a woman' I hope she's got a rust ter town all of red were still between him and right, though. That equall comin' up the rocks. His eye, sweeping the prospect, had

been caught by an object far out in the hurbor- a little green skill, moving rapidly with the tide toward the upon orean. In the new of the bost. Micab could see the glint of what he recognized even at that distance, as Phoche's red slaw! "What's she ruskin for" he gased in astonishment. "Goin" out like that with a Dander-storm st-

ready guthered' is the woman crazy' good Lord' I know! She's lost an our, a tryin' ter peddle up bow, an can't make it. The tide's takin' her out ter sea, an' th' storm — th'

now widely overcast sky, he leaped down the beach to his own dory. The of mighty sweeps Mican brought her bow around. Then, with strong, rapid strokes, he sent the boat plunging across the water in pursuit of the green skiff. As he glanced over a shoulder to lay his course, a quitvering flash of white lightning penciled the western sky, and a few esconds brought the accompanying rumble of distant thunder.

"Got ter ketch her!" growled Mionh.
"Got ter!" His back and arms were
doing the work for which they were daily called upon, but it was a long time since he had summoned their strength for such rapid action. "Got ter!" he repeated grimly, and the dory took the waves squarely. A quickening of the "clop-clop" of the water against the boat made which stiffs a cures with his

Micah stiffe a curee with his teeth. The first trregular flaws of the coming wind were chopping the waves crosswise, and dory herself seemed to lose breath for a moment as she put her head down to this additional difficulty. Micah's own breath was coming

short.
"I ain't so young now!" he whispered. "Can't jest pull ex strong ex I used tert"

He glanced over his shoulder again. The rising wind had caught the green skill and swayed its course against the outgrowing tide. The little boat war no longer drifting toward the open ocean, but, what was more dangerous, it was now being carried toward the rock-armored shore just inside the "point," where there was no breach, and where, even in paim weather, the waves broke roughly and weather, the waves broke roughly and sucked back slobberingly and greed-

Sweat was running in Micah's eyes, but he could dimly see that the red-

"Bring her head around!" he shouted. 'Keep her up! Oh, Lord! Sas He gasped, for his lungs begradged

wind was coming in atronger gorts

Willer. grimly refusing to leaven the force of his stroke, or to bear lightly with the threatened arm. Once more he turned, the green skiff and the dot

Samewhere near a mightly flash of lightning struck and a thunderclap grashed: A tremendous gust of wind reached the dory as Mirah, by instinct, whirled his head to meet in Four rods toward the west, he was suddenly conscious of a thick wall of rais, dropped from the say. The next moment the rain and the howling wind were all about him. Their curtain shut from his sight the

Micab himself was in no danger. The dory, in capable hands, could ride out a winter gale. But there was out a winter gase. But large was little chance that Phoebe, in that rush of wind and water, could keep her light skiff from being over-turned or swamped, even if it was not driven upon the rocks and there

amashed to kindlings.
Micah, caught in the swirl of the elements, pulled desperately, heading the dory as nearly as he dared in the direction where he had last seen the green skiff. But very soon that dipulnutes he was rowing nimicasily, beaten by the wind and peering des-perately into the pouring rain in a vain effort to catch a glimpse of the

youd the gray curtain.
"Oh, Lord!" he gasped. "Save
Phoebe! Don't let her drown! I'm sorry about breakin' away! I must have been tetched, Lord, honest! Tel her ter keep her head ter th' wind'"
A cross-sea struck the dory, and
Micah barely righted her with three

inches of water in the bottom,
"I can weather it Lord! I'm all right. Take keer o' Phoebe! She's allus trusted You, and how can You expect a lone woman in a skiff ter ride out waves like that? Lou't take her, Lord! She's all I got, an I need her more'n You do. Jest take care on her, Lord! Tell her ter hang on ter th' hoat if she capsizes, and I'll come jest exhous at I kin sea through this peaky rato!"

Thus he raved on, rowing blindly and despenders, and neaving in his

and desperately, and praying in his

and desparsely, and praying in his despar.
Suddenly the tain fell more gently and then ceased. The waves lessened and the harbor grew almost smooth as the wind passed. Away to the east, the storm was still growing and thrashing his way.

Micah gazed toward the Point, straining his eyes to natch every hit of foam that dotted the water. Then, with cold sweathcome on his foreigned.

with cold sweat frops on his fereisad and his knees trambing, he stood up.

There was no visible sign of the

green skiff. With lips aquiver, but his faws set to hold in any expression of the grief that was tearing at his soul, he sat down. Grimly, and in silence, he bailed out the hout. Then he pulled

Carefully searching the rocky shore, fleron relation against things us fore for wate Phocks could. If now, and the wates were growing he came at hat upon some floating broken boards, painted green. Nearby, on a shelving rock, was caught the world, whether those bounds are her, and the skiff, which was safe, back of his right shoulder, where the fragment of a red shawt. There

"It-It win't come ashors yet. murmured. And then the horror of the impersonal pronoun as applied to what had been his wife, swept over him and his shoulders shook.

Slowly he rowed back to his own landing. Doggedly and reluctantly he trudged up the well-worn path to the house. To his imagination, the approaching sunset hung gloomy shadows about every angle of the

On the little porch, something white caught his attention. It was the newspaper containing the article on domestic unbappiness. Viciously he tore it into pieces and thrust the crumpled fragments under the steps.

"An' I called her a maggin' woman -her!" he muttered. Wearly he crept around the corner of the house and opened the back door. As he stepped into the kitchen there turned to face him a woman who had been bending over the stove. She was a short woman, inclined to stoutness - a woman with a broad, good-natured face. "Phoebel" he exclaimed, and lean-

ed limply against the di spost.

Why, Micah! she orin. What
alls yo? You're pale er a phost, an'
shakin'. Have ye got a chill!
Micah was a New Englander, to

whom speech was slow and the spoken expression of unusual et.o-tions well-nigh impossible. Tortures could not have induced him to ex-

Nothin," he stammered, "Nothin, I'm awful sorry bout th' skiff,"

Phoebe basily explained. It's my fault, Micah, and I guess I'll have ter go without a boat if it's lost. Ye see. I was goin' over i Gregg's for git some corn husks, an I put the old clothes basket ter hold em in the bow o' the skiff, with my red shawl ter cover it up. That's lost, too. "Jest ex I was puttin' off, young

"Jest ex I was puttin off, young Mr. Morse druy up in their buggy an wanted that I shid go right over an see what ailed their new balsy that was havin convulsions. I druy off with him furgettin ter make fast my boat. The Morse baby wur all right when we get there, an I come back jest afore in thunder-storm an seen ye chasin the skiff. I spose it's smashed up," she compluded, regret-

Yes," returned Micah. "It's completely lost."
"Well, I can walk ter lown, or use th' dory on a place. Why Micab, that's the fast time in years your

kissed me"
"Mebbe" said Micab "But I cal-

That a ter do it must in a while from now on. I -I -it's lest come for the that you an' me's gettin' on, an we got so very many years left,